NUMB. CXIII.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

——Tollite Barbarum
Morem, Verecundumque Bacchum,
Sanguineis prohibete rixis. HOR.

MONDAY, APRIL 19. 1725.

The VISION *Continued.*

WAS as much deceiv'd in the next Place, that Old Mother CAUTION convey'd me to, as I had been in the laſt. ——A magnificent *Square* open'd to my View, whoſe four Sides were form'd by the fineſt Architecture. Thoſe Stately Palaces, my Guide told me, were inhabited by Perſons of the higheſt Rank and Fortune, and who were reckon'd to have the moſt *delicate* Taſte of *Living*. She carry'd me into one, that appear'd the nobleſt in the Quadrangle; and, there, from a Window towards the Garden, which is ſituated on an Eminence, that borders on delicious Fields, and commands an opening Extent of Country, ſhe ſhew'd me, by the Help of a Proſpective Glaſs, a Dozen fair *Manor-Towns*, all ſurrounded by a pleaſant Variety of Hills and Dales, Plains and Woods, Green Meadows and Corn Fields, richly waving with a promis'd Harveſt: Gardens, Groves, and ſweet *Parterres*, with Fiſh Ponds and Canals that glitter'd thro' the Trees; All which, ſhe ſaid, was but a ſmall Portion of the Earth, enjoy'd by this Son of Fortune, who was Maſter of that fine Palace we ſtood in.——This Houſe had been, it ſeems, every Day, in the Afternoon, and every Night, and all the Night long, crowded from Top to Bottom, with People of all Sexes, Ages, and Countries; who, provided they had the Merit of *wanting nothing*, were welcome to partake of all the Abundance of this Place; where nothing appear'd, but what was noble and delightful. The Earth, from Pole to Pole, was ranſack'd (as were the *Air* and *Water*) to ſupply this Houſe with Delicacies.

But the Owner (who gloried in his Hoſpitality, without eſteeming any one of his Gueſts, but in proportion as he profeſs'd an Admiration of this Oſtentatious Magnificence of Living) valued himſelf moſt upon the Variety of his taſteful *Wines*, which Merchants, from all Quarters of the World, were Hourly emptying in upon him. ——They were diſtinguiſh'd by ſuch different Names, that it would require as much *Study*, as would make a *Scholar* in any other Science, to Regiſter, and do Juſtice to their *Titles*, *Colours*, *Taſtes*, and the happy Places which produc'd them. Different Companies in every Appartment, had their *Signals*, and *gave Fire* together; and, by their Number, it was reckon'd, That every *leading Glaſs*, that was turn'd up by the gay *Maſter*, pour'd out about a *Tun*, including Servants Computations, by way of *Perquiſite*, and *Emolument*.

CAUTION, at the *Sound* of every *Health*, bid me view the Manors from the Garden Window; and I perceiv'd a Man in a Black Gown, preſenting a Roll of Parchment to another, who was a Jolly kind of Fellow, and *Steward*, it ſeems, to the Landlord, arm'd with a *Letter* of *Attorney*, to ſign what Deeds he ſhould *find neceſſary*. —— No ſooner was this Parchment return'd to the Man in Black, but immediately the Proſpect ſhorten'd, by the Length of one whole Village, which, vaniſhing from our Sight, left us no other Land Mark, where it ſtood, but a vaſt and fruitful *Crab Tree*. —— The Healths went round ſo frequently, and ſo merrily, that the Villages and Manor-Towns, diſappear'd like Miſts, in a Sunny Morning; till at laſt, the Gentleman in Black, with a Train of frightful Monſters at his Heels, enter'd fiercely the *Manſion-Houſe*, whence all the Company ran haſtily away; and the louder the Maſter call'd after them, ſo much the faſter they continued running.

As ſoon as we were got into the *Square* (alas! *fuit Ilium!*) I mean the Spot, where the Square *had ſtood*; allthe Palaces, were vaniſh'd; and turn'd, methought, into an *Orchard* of *Crab-Trees:* with whoſe Fruit, a Croud of *fine Gentlemen*, who where running away in their Shirts, were pelted without Mercy, by red *Furies*, to whoſe *Favourites* (a Number of *Vintners* and *lucky Gameſters*) they had, but juſt before, transferr'd their *Birth-right*.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Anguiſh, the Deſpair, of theſe *unlanded* Gentlemen; ſome tore down Branches, and, accuſing one another for the Seduction of ill Example, form'd a Battle with diſmember'd *Crab-Trees*; others hang'd themſelves among the Boughs, at the Approach of ill-look'd Ruffians, who ſurrounded them in their New *Orchard*.

The next was an Aſſembly of Men of *Wit*; conſiſting of a *Poet*, an *Orator*, a *Philoſopher*, a *Mathematician*, a *Divine*, a *Military Officer*, the *fine Gentleman*, who entertain'd them all, and an *Eunuch*, who ſung in the *Opera*. ——The *Poet* recited a *Hymn* to *Bacchus* of his own Compoſing ——The *Orator*, with great Gracefulneſs, harangu'd

harangu'd upon the Force of *Eloquence*, which he attributed to the Warmth of *Wine*——The *Philoſopher* ſet *Cato*'s *Virtue* before them, as held *ſteady*, by the *Strength* of *Drinking*.——The *Divine* averr'd, That, *Solomon* ſaid, *Wine made the Face of a Man to* SHINE, and prov'd it very *ſoberly*, by ſhewing its *Effects* upon his own *illuminated* Countenance.——The *Mathematician* produc'd a *Pun*, and ſaid, He lov'd a full *Gage*, becauſe it was the *Perfection* of *Meaſure:* and to meaſure exactly, was the *Duty* of his Profeſſion.——The *Officer* commended *Wine*, as a great Inflamer of *Courage*; and quoted a *Dutch* Author, in Defence of the Uſe of *Drinking*, in Times of *War:* and the faithful Service of *Auxiliary Brandy*.——The *fine Gentleman* expatiated on the Advantage to be reap'd by entertaining ſuch polite Company, when aſſembled over a *Bottle*; and ordered the *Fury* that attended them, to put round the Glaſs: at which the *Eunuch* began to *ſing*, and the whole Company clapp'd their Hands, and roar'd out *Encore*, and *Bravo*.

No ſooner had the Glaſs gone round, but the *Orator* propos'd *Method* to be the Foundation of *Argument*; and inſiſted, that All ſhould talk in their *Turns*; which, as ſoon as any began to do, he broke in upon his own Rule; and gallop'd, with a bawling Voice, through *Diviſions* and *Subdiviſions*, till he had *diſunited* the whole Company.——The *Poet*, thought he had equal Right to the Uſe of his Tongue, and roſe to aſſert it, in an exorbitant Manner, juſt as he found he had loſt the Uſe of it.—The *Philoſopher* cried out, in vain, That Men muſt labour to ſubdue their Paſſions; and, to convince them how eaſy it was, fell into ſo *violent* a one himſelf, that he knock'd down the poor *Poet*, with a Club, called *Argumentum Baccilinum*; For, ſays he, there is no *other* Way of *diſputing* againſt thoſe who deny *firſt Principles*;——The *Divine*, ſeeing a *Philoſopher* turn *Murderer*, and talk, at the ſame Time, of *Principles*, thunder'd out *Anathema*'s againſt *Diſputing at all*, where the Buſineſs, they met for, was *Drinking*.——The *Mathematician* was muttering *Problems*, and tracing out a *Globe* upon the Table, with his *Fingers* dipt in the *Liquor* that the Scufflers had *ſpilt* upon it; and the *fine-bred Gentleman* to aſſiſt the Depth of his important Deſigns, was pouring more Wine, to that which was ſpilt already, leſt he might want a Supply of Liquor; But juſt as the Figure was upon the Point of being finiſhed, the Officer ſwore it made *dull Company*, and rubb'd it out with his Sleeve: The Mathematician ſeeing his *Globe defac'd*, cried, The *World was at an End*; to which the Philoſopher and Divine agreeing, and the reſt of the Company denying it, they fell all together by the Ears, and ſqueezed the *Eunuch* to Death, while he was trying the Influence of his *Muſick* againſt *Madneſs*.

When the Fury was juſt going to reſtore them to their Senſes again, that they might perform over the ſame Exerciſe, (which they do, it ſeems, every Hour, juſt as ſtrange Sights are ſhewn in Fairs, or as Drunken Men renew their waking Debauches, after a little Interval of Sleep, in their Life-times) I left them, with a pungent Regret, that there ſhould be in Liquor, ſuch a Power of turning of *Strength* into *Weakneſs*, *Health* into *Sickneſs*, *Beauty* into *Deformity*, *Riches* into *Poverty*, *Friendſhip* into *Murder*, *Wiſdom* into *Folly*, and *Wit* into *Madneſs*!

I wak'd, with no ſmall Wonder at this ſleeping Ramble of my Imagination: But turning over a Collection of Old News-Papers, bound up in Volumes, from the *Reſtoration*, gradually downward, I found them fill'd with Yearly Proofs, that Men act the very ſame Follies, *waking* in this World, that I had been Dreaming were done in the other.

There I found Accounts of Men of great Eſtates, dead in a Priſon, from the Effects of Drinking:——Quarrels every jot as fantaſtical as any I have been deſcribing——There were Accounts of Men caſting Lots, in their Liquor, which ſhould be *hang'd*, and which the *Hangmen*;——Here were fine Hiſtories of others, who, in a ridiculous Bravado, had drank the Health of the *Devil*, in a Punch-bowl ſeaſon'd with *Opium*, and launch'd down, while the Humour was on 'em, to pay a Viſit to their grateful Patron.——I look'd back as far as the Time, when certain wild Beaſts, called *Mohocks*, had broke looſe, here in *London*; and I found that it was no new Thing for Generals, and Common Soldiers, Lords, Watchmen, and Drawers, Counts, Coblers and Hackney-Coachmen, to engage in *no unequal* Matches together, and fight with all the *Triumph* of *Drunkenneſs*; nay, what is more, I found all this as duly *repeated here*, as I dreamt it to be in the Lower Regions.

While I was thus poring over my News Papers, and reflecting, that the *Life* of *Man*, tallied exactly (as to its Extravagance) with the Dreams of his diſorder'd *Fancy*, I heard a Noiſe in the Street, as if all *Barbican* were in an Uproar, and looking out of my Window, I ſaw Men with gilded Staves, and an Air of exerted Magiſtracy, knocking down a Set of roaring little *Heroes*, with *Leeks* in their Hats.——Inquiring into the Matter, I was told, by an Arch-Wag (ſmiling, as if he derided my Ignorance) That it was nothing, but a few *Welſhmen*; who were got *loyally Drunk*, and did ſober People a Miſchief, in Honour of the good Saint, their *Patron*.

I reſolv'd then (as extravagant as my Thoughts ſeem'd to me before, and perfectly *remov'd* out of Nature) to pen them down; ſince I found, ſuch Perſons did *really exiſt*, as I had believ'd, Imagination could only *ſhadow*, in the prepoſterous Inconſiſtence of a Dream.——It may, thought I, be of *Uſe*, to ſhew Men, who are addicted to this Vice, their Pictures, plac'd in the fulleſt Point of Abſurdity: And, ſince moſt of them take *Hell* to be a *Dream*, it is natural enough to expect, that a *Dream* of *Hell* may divert them.

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